Omens

Ulcerate

The reverence of those lost owed to the land
To us it is withered and worthless
To us it does not belong

What of this radiance we have left behind?

Creatures of abyss, born of vice
We are not they
They preach chaos and delusion
And welcome it without breath

With the omens in flame
We are still; we desert the truth

Truth has no name here
Anonymous in clouded vision
Our disgrace, far from reach
Left unknown

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